

SLUFF SUCCEEDS POKER AMONG ARIZONA SPORTS

Social success in Arizona no longer depends on one's ability to play draw and bluff. From Prescott to Bisbee it is sluff, morning, noon and night.

Where the game came from, who introduced it, and what its antecedents are, no one seems to remember. For two years sluff has been growing in popularity every day, and the man who cannot play it leads a lonely life.

Sluff is cheaper for the stranger than poker, for, as a rule, it is not played for money. Drinks for the crowd is the usual penalty of losing a game, and strangers are supposed to buy the drinks in any event. Like all card games which attain sudden popularity, sluff is easily explained and quickly learned. In spite of its simplicity, great skill can be developed, and Arizona has many crack sluff players.

Ordinarily a game lasts for fifteen minutes. In Pearce, where it is now the fashion to drink whiskey with beer chasers, four drinks an hour is considered no too many.

When experts get to work with the cards, sluff is liable to be a long drawn out proposition. As Tucson has a record of a game which lasted seven hours.

One must not think, however, that the players waited that long for their round of drinks. Every fifteen minutes or so they cut the cards and the low man bought. It is not possible to lay hands on a written or printed set of rules of the game, but half the men in the Territory can tell one how to play. The rules differ in minor particulars, but the way it is played at Pearce.

Sluff calls for a deck of thirty-six cards, the cards from deuce to five spot inclusive being thrown out.

There are 120 points in the game. Aces count 11; tens, 10; kings, 4; queens, 3; and jacks, 2.

Two, three or four may play, but in any case only three full hands are dealt. The dealer remains out when four play.

The cards are dealt one at a time to four hands until twelve are dealt, then to three hands to the end of the deck.

This gives three hands of eleven cards and a widow of three cards. The deal passes after each hand.

The player to the right of the dealer has to say and may, frog, solo, solo grande or boss. If he frog, hearts are trumps, the widow is shown and taken to hand by the maker.

The solo trump must be made diamonds, clubs or spades, and the widow is not looked at until the conclusion of the game, when the maker adds any counters it may contain to his hand. If he solo grande he has the privilege of calling the trump.

If the player to the left of the dealer frog, the others may solo over him. The original maker then solo grande or frog.

At the beginning of the game each player receives chips worth 120 points, usually eleven black and ten white.

When one player loses his stack the game ends and the penalty of buying a round of drinks is exacted.

The maker must win 10 points to make good. For all under that he must pay; for all over he is paid by each of his opponents.

If four are playing and the maker loses he has to pay the dealer as well, but if the maker makes good the dealer does not pay.

In a frog each point pays one, in a solo two and in solo grande three. Any card of any suit may be led. One must follow suit if possible. If out of suit a trump is required.

If out of trumps one should sluff if playing with hand and one's partner holds the trick. Sluffing means to play one's highest counting card.

As a rule, when one dealer takes a trick second in hand he throws his card on the table as though he desired to break it and calls "Now, hang you, sluff."

When a player is out of a suit, that suit is called his link. When one of the players forces the maker to trump a suit it is called "having his link."

Arizona people take the game seriously and play as carefully as though the stakes were \$1000. It is considered bad form to be negligent during the play, but after the hand is played the players are carefully analyzed.

never knew what the barefooted freckled kid, who creates an itching in the palm of your hand to paddle him for a day or two, will come to. Despite the fact that millions are journeying down to New Orleans to offer princely fortunes for the services of Premier Jockey Grover Cleveland Fuller, the latter is still a kid, and would rather be skating on Silver creek or operating a tick-tack suspended to the window of the village shrew.

FRANK S. LEWIS.



Noted Wrestler from the Northwest, Who Will Grapple with Charlie Ross in This City Friday Evening Next.

WILL SWING THROUGH DIXIE.
Chicago Ball Team Will Get Good Practice Early.

Charlie Comiskey has completed plans for the training trip of the White Sox, and says he believes the tour will be the best his outfit has ever taken in the way of preliminary practice.

"We will start from Chicago March 4th," said he, "and will open our Southern campaign by a double game with Dallas and Fort Worth on the 6th—that is, I will split my team and send half the team to each city. Then we will go to Martin Springs, where the marlin-fishers come from, for a week's training. Returning to Dallas and Fort Worth, we will play the two teams on the 12th and 13th. Then we will take a trip to Houston, Houston and Shreveport, and travel to New Orleans, making three games on the 20th, 21st and 22nd. We will play the Pelicans on the 24th and 25th, Birmingham on the 26th and 27th, and Memphis on the 28th and 29th. The balance of our spring jaunt will consist of a series of games through Ohio, through Kansas and Nebraska, according to which region offers us the best inducements. We will wind up about April 15th, and be ready to jump right into the regular campaign."

HE REACHED THE LIMIT.
Joe Choyinski Knows When He Has Enough.

Joe Choyinski, La Grange farmer and Chicago fighter, is entitled to the championship as the hard luck leader of the world. He was knocked out in Boston in one round by "Kid" Carter and then arrested by the police for fighting. Disgusted with the East, he returned to Chicago with his wife. After stepping off the train and starting for his home, a couple of blood-men grabbed him, and he was taken to the police station.

Joe Choyinski is a man of about 35, a native of Poland, and has been in the United States for about 10 years. He is a very good fighter, and has won many fights. He is now in the United States, and is looking for a fight.

Corbett a Bad Bet.
One of the worst betters at the present time is a man named William Rothwell (Young Corbett). He bets on more bad horses than one could believe possible for a man who ought to be in a position to get good advice and accurate information reasonably often. He seems to be well acquainted with a number of horsemen and several bookmakers, who get the right tip from him as to his condition, etc., before his fights, but he seldom has a winning day.

After being Edie Hanlon Young Corbett had a roll of nearly \$10,000. He may have sent some of it East or sailed a little way somewhere, most of it he has gone into the betting ring and stayed there. In one day he dropped \$200, and he lost \$400 that week and now he is broke again. That is to say, he is out of ready money, and last Monday he borrowed \$500 from Harry Corbett. He is anxious to fight Britt, Dave Sullivan, or any one else in a hurry, so that he may get another tip, with which to play the ponies. He bets \$100, \$200 and rarely \$500 at a crack, and he is coming to be regarded as the biggest sucker in the ring.

SLIM SHOW FOR BRITT

Backers of Corbett Not at All Worried.

Jimmy Britt and Young Corbett have both settled down to training for their twenty-second match on March 11th, and both fighters evidently intend to be in the best of condition when the time comes for the settlement of the question of superiority between them. When the match was first made, Young Corbett, by virtue of his recent victory over Edie Hanlon, was proclaimed as favorite in the different sections of the country, and his admirers didn't hesitate to describe the manner in which he would easily dispose of another "native son."

This sentiment has been slowly changing, however, and at present it looks as if Britt would go into the ring at least at 10 to 5 favorite, with good chances of the odds going higher before the going ring. Britt is not in the least daunted by Corbett's remarkable record and fully believes that he will beat the so-called feather-weight champion at the latter's own style of fighting.

Corbett, too, is confident of his own fighting powers and is training hard. Britt with the idea that he will soon become the proud possessor of two prize titles. He has even consented to another match before the Britt contest, and will meet Dave Sullivan in San Francisco on February 22nd, before the club offering the largest purse.

Sullivan and Corbett will meet at catch weights, so the champion will not be forced to train down to any limit, thus avoiding any possibility of becoming stale a short time before the big match. It looks as if Corbett was a little foolish in going on with Sullivan, for, if the Boston fighter should by any chance happen to put the champion to the bad, such a result would certainly have its effect on the gate receipts of the battle on March 11th.

Frisco is full of admirers of Britt and they cannot see where their favorite is going to lose when he faces Young Corbett. They say, "It's a lot faster than any of the 'marks' the champion has yet met." He is also much bigger than any man Corbett has ever faced. He has a class which is shown by his wins over the best 125-pounders in the country. He has not beaten such winners, but he has won from a few first-class performers and won in championship style. In the ring he is a fierce proposition, fighting from the top of the ground, always ready to walk or go any way the other fellow wants.

James has the advantage of height and reach, and a gain in weight is not as much when men of equal weights are fighting. Britt is not down too low to make a grand fight. He might seem to some people, but this is a wrong idea. He never does come into the ring weighing 135; he is always a bit lighter, which proves him to be in the class for which he has signed.

When Britt fought Erne he weighed 131 in training, and his great work was that he might be too light for the night of the fight. He cut out the reducing process and began to build up; even then he failed to hit the scale at 132. After he had beaten Erne he said that in the future he intended going after the 125-pounders, as he thought himself to be in that class and able to cope with the best of them at that weight. Now he has a champion at these figures and we look to him to win.

Why, certainly, replied one of Corbett's admirers. "In the first place, he is a champion and these people make him matches very seldom. He didn't make this match with the intention of losing. He didn't fight Britt for the sake of giving James a look in at that title. The little fellow knows down deep in his heart that he has it on this fellow Britt, but is very quiet about it."

He is not getting any of the worst of it by fighting at 130 pounds. Don't you ever believe that he is all he can do to weigh 125 for Hanlon that afternoon of last month. He was afraid of himself and hurt him down to the scales, and then the time set to try himself out. He just did it and no more. He knows what weight he wants and it won't hurt his chances a bit to make it 125.

He has no fear of Britt. He faced the Terrible Terry McGovern when the latter was in his prime and feared by the best in the world. He beat the Terrible in two rounds. Then to show that it was no fluke, he beat him again. He has the courage of a lion and this is half the fight.

FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN.

Bert Holcomb Will Cross the Country in an Auto.

Bert Holcomb of Hartford, who established the automobile record of 117 miles between New York and Chicago in twenty-six hours, will make a transcontinental trip in his 25-horsepower car.

As at present outlined, the trip will start from San Francisco about June 1st, and the running will be night and day until New York is reached. He will be assisted by the same operators who worked the relay on the Chicago-New York run, and possibly by one or two extra men. Elaborate plans will be made, covering the selection of route, change of drivers and supply stations.

Holcomb is of the opinion that unless delayed by accident he can make the trip in about 48 hours. A number of experienced long-distance operators are inclined to smile at the idea of such fast time being possible, but Holcomb declares that with the right men and anything like favorable weather conditions.

"What we did on the New York-Chicago run," said Mr. Holcomb, "was to keep the car moving, and our experience during the run was that the car was just as well kept going for 300 miles. The success of the trip would, in my opinion, depend largely on the selection of the arrangements. I have got the car and I have the assistants for the trip. The remainder of it is merely a question of details."

WORLD'S FAIR AUTO ROUTE.

National Road from Baltimore to St. Louis.

The National road, the turnpike built by the Government from Baltimore to St. Louis more than eighty years ago, and which is known as Washington Street to the city limits of Indianapolis, is to be the route of the overland tour of Eastern automobilists next summer.

During the day when the fact of bicycling touring was at its height, the old National road was the route of the enthusiasts, and the Indianapolis Automobile club is in receipt of letters from Indianapolis to be one of the stopping places for automobilists.

Haute are the three Indiana cities along the National road where the Eastern automobilists will be entertained. The Government ever built and is one of the finest in the country, being constructed at the uniform width of eighty feet.

Elk Horn Whiskey—Nine Years Old.

For \$3.40 we ship in plain boxes to any point on the railroad in Utah, Idaho and Wyoming, express prepaid, four full quarts of the above well-known brand, a fine old mellow whiskey, guaranteed pure.

Remit either by money order or bank exchange. For reference, any express company or National Bank of the Republic.

C. H. REILLY, Elk Liqueur Co., Cor. State and 1st So. Sts., Salt Lake City, Utah.

CENTURIES OLD



The disease which has brought more suffering, degradation and disgrace upon the human race is the same to-day that it was centuries ago. It is called Contagious Blood Poison, "The Bad Disease," and is given other names, but among all nations is regarded as the blackest and vilest of all human diseases. It goes from bad to worse; the little sores that first appear are soon followed by others; the glands of the groins swell and inflame, a red eruption breaks out on the body, the mouth and throat become ulcerated, the hair and eye-brows drop out, and ugly yellow blotches make their appearance, and if the disease is not checked at this stage, every bone, muscle, tissue and nerve in the body becomes infected with the poison, and from the roots of the hair to the soles of the feet there is not a sound spot anywhere. To cure this awful contagion the blood must first be purified, and nothing will do this so quickly and surely as S. S. S., which has been known for years as an antidote for the poisonous virus of Contagious Blood Poison. Mercury and potash may check it for a time, but it comes back in a still more aggravated form. S. S. S. is guaranteed purely vegetable, and \$1.00 is offered for proof that it contains a mineral ingredient. Write for our home-treatment book, and learn all about Contagious Blood Poison and how to treat it. No charge for medical advice.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.



For Sale by all Dealers.

\$8.75 \$8.75 \$8.75
For any \$12, \$15 or \$18
SUIT OR OVERCOAT
IN THE HOUSE.

M. H. DESKY

205 So. Main. 10 E. 2nd So.

DR. C. W. HIGGINS

THIRTY YEARS IN SALT LAKE CITY.

THE OLDEST RELIABLE SPECIALIST
IN THE CITY.

Salt Lake Microscopic Medical Institute

DR. C. W. HIGGINS, M. D., Mgr. and Prop.

ST. ELMO HOTEL, Cor. Main & Third South Sts.

Thirty Years in Salt

After 45 years' study of Nature and her laws along special lines my superior advantages and ability go with me, and I unhesitatingly declare, and my unparalleled record as a successful specialist in private diseases of men and women, that more men have been cured by me of VARICOCELE, HYDROCELE, NERVO-SEXUAL DEBILITY, BLOOD POISON and REFLEX DISORDERS, within the last 25 years, than by any twenty specialists in the city combined. This fact is self-evident and indisputable, and, with my rates more reasonable, and treatment successful, you do wrong to experiment with concerns whose methods are being frequently changed, and who are the scoundrels together of transient and defunct concerns.

Courtesy demands that we mention no names in a newspaper, but if you come to my office I can furnish you information with the proofs so conclusive that you will not regard them as selfish arguments.

NERVO-SEXUAL DEBILITY CURED.

Nervo-Sexual debility is a term which I use to designate a decline of power in the general system and also certain special functions and powers. No matter what the cause, it is always necessary, in such cases, to cure the cause, and to supply the true elements of lost force.

This is the keynote of success in the treatment of Nervo-Sexual Debility, Seminal Weakness, Premature Emission, and other weaknesses, all included under the sweeping term, "Nervo-Sexual Debility."

The cure of these infirmities implies the restoration of tone in every organ of the body and the removal of the impulsive or force which governs and controls all organs. I solved this problem a few years ago by study along the chemistry of the human body, and my discovery was that of means by which I can revitalize the powers of the system so as to cure Nervo-Sexual Debility in any of its forms or stages of development. In brief, I enable the body of nature to remove waste tissue and supply new, with the elements which are added to the system so as to establish and maintain the natural powers of the body. Thus I cure Nervo-Sexual Debility to stay cured.

VARICOCELE AND ITS REMEDY.

Varicocele has been described as a creeping disease. It silently steals upon its victim like a thief in the night, and before he is really aware of its presence great and damaging inroads are made upon his constitution. The surrounding spermatic cord becomes enlarged and engorged with impure blood and diseased tissue. At the condition may be accompanied with a dull, heavy, dragging pain in the small of the back, extending down into the low spirits, weakness of body and brain, nervous debility, partial or complete loss of the sexual power and the consequent decline of the general health. All these disagreeable symptoms soon disappear completely and forever when Varicocele cure, which is safe, painless and bloodless. Every clot of stagnant blood and every fiber of diseased tissue are driven from the affected parts, normal circulation is re-established throughout the pelvic region, the weak organs become strong again and sturdy manhood is restored.

REFLEX AND ASSOCIATE DISEASES

Are those which are present and act to aggravate and favor the process of the main malady. I never discuss until cured in every particular. If the case is complicated with Hydrocele (dropsy of the scrotum), Hemorrhoids, Piles, or any form of disease I cure such additional complaint also, so that the cure may be perfect and permanent.

Reflex effects of all pelvic complaints are destructive to the tone of the Sympathetic Nerves. The debility, blood, and discharge and strength are demonstrated by such manifold sapping agents as Varicocele, Hemorrhoids, or by inheritance of Blood Taint.

Personal and Correspondence Consultation FREE. Address

Office, Rooms 17-18-19 St. Elmo Hotel, Corner Main and Third South Sts.

HOOK OF THE YANKEE BEATS JOHN BULL'S BEST

Robert Edgrew, discussing boxing in this country and England, says:

"It was a straight left against a slogging villain," wrote Conan Doyle in one of the latest of his Sherlock Holmes stories, recently printed in an American periodical. And being the straight left of an English boxer by an English writer as a matter of course, the straight left won out and the slogging villain was taken home on a stretcher or a cart, or something of that kind.

About a year ago, in London, I asked one of the greatest British sportsmen how he accounted for the fact that American fighters, who could not get into the championship class here at all, could go to England and wipe out champion after champion without any great apparent effort.

"Really, old chap," he exclaimed, "I cannot account for it at all. It seems to me that the men here are just as strong and just as courageous. Really, I fancy it must be that you take things so seriously across the water. Your fighters must train so earnestly, you know."

I assured him that I knew of many fighters who did not take great pains of themselves, and who, nevertheless, were considered among our best.

"Don't you think that our new method of hitting made the difference?" I asked.

"Oh, not at all," he replied. "I have seen a knockout once in a while in a straight punch with either hand. But the straight left is used for purposes of wearing down an antagonist than of finishing a battle in a hurry."

In this country John L. Sullivan was really the initiator of the blow known to fighters today—the right hook for the body or jaw. With it he whipped the right hand was the blow that he used, and as many American boxers as could be induced to enter the ring while John L. was within the ropes. The hook with the right hand was the blow that came natural to Sullivan. He never had a good left and he never needed one. The right was enough.

Some fighters are natural swingers, like Young Corbett. Some hit straight. But it is a noticeable fact that all the men who knock out their opponents are champions—use the hooks and swings, not the straight blows.

But when in England they still stick to the "straight left," and so America has a monopoly on the championships.

respectable parents many a heartache by his waywardness. When Grover was not more than a Wolf river apple his parents moved to Chicago, the lad was swallowed up in the great city and we lost track of him until he flashed out like a meteor on the Chicago race tracks. How he became a jockey was largely an accident. When racing was revived in Chicago it happened that the owner of a string of horses at Harlem rented a flat neighboring to the Fullers, and becoming acquainted with Grover, saw in him a likely exercise boy. The lad was engaged in that capacity and showed such an aptness in the saddle that he soon was facing the starter as a jockey. With a nerve never seen on the Chicago tracks he pushed his mounts to the front. The boy was a natural judge of pace, and there was no hole too small for him to ride through. Last year he was the sensation of the big Eastern tracks, winning for the men who employed him over \$250,000 and earning for himself a salary of \$10,000. The lad is now in the United States, and is looking for a fight.

Such are the possibilities in this splendid social system of ours. You

democratic, tells the following interesting story of the great and only Grover Cleveland Fuller:

Bud May, who is handling a string of gallopers for Millionaire Schaeffelt of New York, went to New Orleans last week to engage Jockey Fuller for the season's racing, and the price asked by the latter's manager was \$30,000, and what's more, Fuller will probably get the sum for his services.

Apocryph of this record-breaking offer for a season's riding, we knew little Grover Cleveland Fuller when he was wearing long dresses about the little country town of Devitt, La.

George Fuller, was a jolly country merchant and for a number of years was Mayor of the town. Young Fuller came up—we will not say grew up, for he didn't grow to any appreciable extent, which is one reason, among others, that he is the present premier of the pigskin—as wayward a kid as one usually finds in the country. He chewed tobacco, smoked cigarettes and gave his very re-

NEW CLASSIFICATION OF FIGHTERS
WOULD REMOVE ALL CONFUSION

Many suggestions have been made as to how to settle the question relative to who is the real feather-weight champion. Sam Fitzpatrick, who is an excellent judge of pugilists and anything pertaining to the sport, thinks that the splitting of this and the other classes would go a long way toward deciding who is the real leader in this division.

"It is not fair to deprive any pugilist of any honor belonging to him, no matter what his personal qualities may be," says Fitzpatrick. "Young Corbett has all along, at least in the eyes of some folks, been looked upon as the real feather-weight champion of the world. He gained this by winning Terry McGovern twice, who in turn defeated George Dixon, who held the title undisputed many years. When McGovern fought Dixon they met at the proper weight, 122 pounds. Of course, since then McGovern outgrew this class. The same may be said of Corbett, but still there was no real claimant, and the public, as well as many newspapers, called McGovern as the feather-weight champion. When Corbett knocked him out at Hartford the latter was announced as the best in the world in this division, although technically then, as well as now, he was nothing more than a legitimate light-weight. Corbett and McGovern met at Hartford at 125 pounds, while at San Francisco they scaled a pound higher. Nevertheless, the battles went on record as feather-weight fights."

"When I had Kid Lavigne under my management I called him a light-weight, although in a pinch he could reduce to 126 pounds. But there was no question of the traditional question of weight, so he was acclaimed a light-weight, and met every body at the light-weight limit, finally winning the title in this class."

"My idea is to split the feather-weight class into two parts, 122 and 116

pounds to 122 pounds, and from 122 to 128 pounds. If it is not wrong to have two heavy-weight classes, light and heavy, why should it be amiss to have the same at other weights? Both, I know, are utterly wrong, according to the traditions, but why should there be any discrimination in any of the other classes? Fitzpatrick is supposed to be the light heavy-weight champion. He fought George Gardner for these laurels, and a lot of sports agree that he has a right to these honors, although everybody knows there is only one heavy-weight champion, and that is Jim Jeffries. But why should Fitzpatrick be left out in the cold? He is too good a man not to possess some kind of championship because it happens that he cannot reduce to the middle-weight ranks without suffering loss of strength and is too light to build up to the genuine heavy-weight class, especially any where near Jeffries' weight."

"Naturally by doing this all the classes would have to be changed. Suppose they are, the sport would not make a bad thing of it. On the other hand, I think that it would add much interest, because there would be new honors to strive for. As the weights now go, there are only the following classes: Bantam, feather-weight, light-weight, welter-weight, middle-weight and heavy-weight. The Bantam is supposed to be up to 116 pounds; feather-weight, from 116 to 122 pounds; light-weight, from 122 to 128 pounds; middle-weight, from 128 to 135 pounds; and heavy-weight, over 135 pounds."

"In summing up these weights one can easily see the injustice that the present scale does to many pugilists. For instance, anybody is a Bantam up to 116 pounds. Suppose some fellow's natural weight is only 105 pounds. If he must not fight Bantam honors he must not fight feather-weight, light-weight, middle-weight, or heavy-weight. He can be under that all right, but dare not go above. But isn't he at a disadvantage if his rival

is naturally a 112 to 116-pounder? Under the present scale he has the worst of the scale by from seven to eleven pounds, and you know in a fight weight is a great factor. It's the same in the light-weight and other classes; so, to make everything even, the splitting up process should be indulged in with a vengeance."

"Some persons say that a fighter should not kick about yielding a few pounds to his opponent. That may be true, but it is not the majority of the present-day ring pugilists who are as far as science, skill and weight are concerned in fights. But these conditions under the old classes cannot very well prevail, because there is such a wide gap between each class. If some authorities on boxing should get together and make some changes in the present classes or create new ones, difference in weights would not be felt so much by some pugilists, and matches would, therefore, be all the more interesting."

"Say, for instance, the classes were split about six pounds, each apart as follows: Bantam, light, up to 110; heavy, up to 116 pounds; feather-weight, light, 116 to 122 pounds; heavy, 122 to 128 pounds; light-weight, light, 128 to 134 pounds; heavy, 134 to 140 pounds; welter-weight, light, 140 to 146 pounds; heavy, 146 to 152 pounds; middle-weight, light, 152 to 158 pounds; heavy, 158 to 164 pounds; heavy-weight, light, 164 to 170 pounds, and real heavy-weight all above that."

"Such real weights could be satisfactorily established there would not be so many kicks from boxers who find it hard to add or take off any avoirdupois. Pugilists like Kid Carter, Joe Choyinski, Jack O'Brien, George Gardner and a few others would not have much of a chance against Jim Jeffries if he fought him at the real heavy-weight scale, because the champion is too big for them. But by separating the weights into two classes they would have a chance to meet their rivals on equal terms without being handicapped in any way."